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THE REPUBLICANS AT SARATOGA.

SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES HOTEL ON THE EVE OF THE CONVENTION FOR THE NOMINATION OF A CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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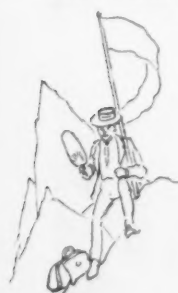
Mr. Morton's Nomination.

CONTRARY to our hopes, the Republican convention has nominated Mr. Morton as the party candidate for Governor. We regret the result most profoundly. It does not, as we believe, express or reflect the sentiment of the intelligent masses of the party. It is the outcome, not of a spontaneous popular preference, but of a canvass manipulated by interested party leaders, supplemented by an absence of concentrated effort on the part of those who desired a nomination of a higher sort.

The nomination of Mr. Morton does not in the least alter or affect the opinions we have heretofore expressed as to the unwisdom of his selection as the party standard-bearer. As against a man of the Governor Flower stamp he will be elected, but his election will not invest him with any qualifications for the office which he does not already possess. It will not assure to the State an administration eminent for ability and splendor of achievement—an administration attracting and compelling the admiration and applause of sister States. There will be in it nothing of the virile force of leadership. It will be, undoubtedly, a respectable administration; but it will be exposed to pressure from untoward influences, and its power for good along broadly patriotic lines will be impaired by conditions inherent in the circumstances of its creation.

The success of a party and its candidates is valuable or otherwise as it secures the best and highest results in legislation and government. Wherever and whenever, the highest possible ends in the direction of good government and the elevation of political standards being attainable, a party contents itself, for any reason, with seeking a lesser end, it commits something more than a mistake—it perpetrates, as to every civic interest, a serious wrong. It is no idle thing to deliberately lower the standards of official service. Everything there is of value in republican institutions depends upon the dominance, in all departments of the public administration, of the best and ripest statesmanship and the largest and most vigorous conscientiousness. In this contest, by measuring up to the most exalted conceptions of the dignity and gravity of the responsibilities devolving upon us as a party, we might have entrenched ourselves immovably in the confidence of the best citizenship, and achieved a victory that would have been memorable in history. Having failed to do so, our victory will be diminished in its proportions and its beneficence, and will come not as a popular tribute to signal desert, but only as a rebuke to the more conspicuous ill-desert of the opposition.

The Pole as a Summer Resort.



R. COOK, whose plans were reviewed last spring in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, duly transported his pleasure-party in a big iron steamship to Arctic waters, and the steamship duly hit an iceberg and a rock and was wrecked. Thereupon the New York Tribune published an editorial on the affair. The Tribune's words were caustic; evidently it wished to burn out of the summer girl all desires to eat picnic lunches on the Greenland cliffs. But if the summer girl will scan the published letters from members of Dr. Cook's party she will perceive that she may still hope on.

The disaster to the *Miranda* by no means proves that cruising in Baffin's Bay is not both safe and pleasant if you go about it properly fitted out. What it does go to prove has been known for a long time: First, that Arctic ships ought to be small and agile; second, that they ought to be built of wood, and not of iron. The *Kite*, for instance, which can change her course eight points almost within her own length, would never have

hit that iceberg in the Straits of Belle Isle, and with her light draught would have steamed, in eighteen feet of water, over the rock in Sukkertoppen harbor with never a scrape. If she had struck a reef, being a wooden ship, and light, she would have gone on less heavily, and if she had sustained any injury it would have been more easily repaired than was the hole in the iron bottom of the *Miranda*. It was her unwieldiness and the fragility of her skin that were the ruin of the *Miranda*, and even clumsy as she was, she might have escaped accident had her owners furnished her completely with charts.

It is not to be inferred from her loss that parties of tourists cannot go to Greenland, have a good time, and be safe. Hayes took a yacht to Upernavik in the 'sixties; other yachts have been there since, and every year Danish sailing-vessels of proper size, unharmed, bear provisions to the officials in every filial town in both insular territories of Greenland. American fishing-schooners, too, seek their catch in Baffin's Bay; it was one of them that without accident brought the *Miranda's* passengers home. And the passengers themselves, in spite of their little shipwreck, return full of plans for another trip next summer. The Tribune's summer girl may stop moping over the inaccessibility of Greenland, and pack her chicken-sandwiches and chocolate-pie with five strata of chocolate, and may fix up an old gown wherein to captivate the stolid Esquimaux, all ready for next season. Perhaps the funny man of the Tribune will go too; he will find the air—after he has passed through Davis's Strait, which is as foggy as the Maine coast in August—eminently favorable to the development of his style of humor.

The Police-Board Comedy.



WHAT good has been accomplished by the police investigation of police corruption? Is the tone of the police force any purer because of the trials that have been had in the white marble building in Mulberry Street during the interval in the sitting of the Lexow committee? Every New-Yorker who loves his city has asked himself these questions again and again. How many of us believe that any lasting good has been accomplished?

Imagine for a moment that the Lexow committee should determine to close its inquiries. How far, then, would the fate of the dismissed captains and ward detectives act as a deterrent upon those who are left? No one can be found innocent enough to think that they would abandon their collections of sidewalk "rent" and all their other forms of tribute alike from the business community and those merchants whose stock in trade is vice.

When all the history of the last five months is known, New-Yorkers will be enjoying as merry a comedy as any since the days of Boss Tweed. He laughed at them—shook his fat sides as he asked, "What are you going to do about it?" Tammany laughed at the Lexow investigators when they first came to town. "The organization," as its members fondly term it, forgetting that there is any other army of citizens than their army of freebooters, burst into a hearty roar when the investigators from Nyack and Clyde and Brooklyn boldly marched into the metropolis. "The organization," with placid contempt, referred to the searchers as the Looking Backward Club. Sleek and diamond-studded cubs of the Tiger lounged into the committee-room and snickered behind their fat, white paws while citizens told of Tammany's methods for carrying elections, and Tammany's ownership of the police.

In an evil day—for the Tiger—Dr. Parkhurst's society allied itself with the investigating committee. Then an electric search-light took the place of the flickering torch with which the investigators had been seeking for truth in dark places. There was no more pottering with insignificant reminiscences. In rapid succession came exposures that made the most cynical gasp. Who, outside of the fruit-traders, ever dreamed that reputable commission merchants paid fifty dollars a year "rent" to the police for the use of the sidewalks in front of their stores? Who knew, until the wandering street-peddler Mayston told it, that the poor push-cart venders paid their regular weekly police tax for the privilege of hawking their wares along the curbstones, or that the wretched fakirs who sell collar-buttons and other trifles from trays hung about their necks are regularly forced to pay tribute to the nearest bluecoat? As for the police licensing of vice, that had been known for years, but who ever dreamed of the extent of its ramifications, of the all-embracing scope of its system?

Clearly it was time to do something to save Tammany Hall. The Tiger forgot to laugh. He began to pray. He is praying yet; and it is for the citizens of New York to say whether or not his present spasm of virtue will cause them to heed his prayers and grant him a new feast upon their lives. No interest was too great and no calling too lowly to avoid the levying of police blackmail. Architects, builders, merchants, great steamship companies, fruit-sellers, saloon-keepers, and that vast throng of nameless traffickers, all alike paid their tax. To whom? To the police. Yes; but did the money—it amounted to hundreds of

thousands of dollars every year—remain with them? Did it "go higher," as one of the witnesses plainly suggested?

The Tiger resolved that his paws should be found clean. It is a part of the hitherto unwritten history of the last few months that a great man in "the organization" was summoned to Saratoga early in July. He was instructed by certain greater ones that Tammany Hall must be vindicated. The people must be convinced that Tammany Hall knew nothing about the far-reaching villainy that was carried on within its shadow. But how to convince the dear, innocent, gullible public? Nothing easier! Let Tammany Hall investigate the police department. The order was given that no accused man should escape. "Influence" must be powerless.

How well the order was carried out we have seen since. Doherty, Cross, Devery, Stephenson and their ward men have been marched to the block and decapitated with neatness and dispatch. The keenest man in the district-attorney's office presided over the ordeal. His nimble fingers sharpened the axe that lopped off head after head. Oh, how innocent, how guileless, how free from any spot, has Tammany Hall become! Up with another victim, there! What, he has blackmailed under our eyes for the last ten years and we did not know it? How very, very shocking! Off with his head!

This farce-comedy has been played *ad nauseam*. Will it gull you, citizens of New York? Many lawyers doubt whether the legality of the late trials by the police board will be upheld by the courts. Men have been decapitated with barely time to yell "Not guilty" before the axe fell. No one doubts that substantial justice has been done—so far as it went—but perhaps the culprits' legal rights have been violated.

If this be so nothing will be easier than for the disgraced captains and others to obtain reinstatement at the hands of the courts. And then? Then the dear old gullible New-Yorkers will have paid fifty thousand dollars for the fun of having dust thrown in their eyes.

But what though the dismissed men remain outcasts? Does any one dream that by cutting off a few fingers Tammany Hall has cured itself of the evil that oozes in every atom of its body? How about the police commissioners themselves—the men who have for years been in office? Are their skirts clean?

And how about the biggest boss of all?

Look to the Legislature.



It is to be hoped that the Republicans of the State will not neglect the opportunity afforded them in the present canvass to nominate men of the highest character and capacity as legislative candidates. In some districts, where nominations have already been made, reference seems to have been had to other considerations than the fitness of the nominees for the responsible service to which they aspire; and unless the best element of the party asserts itself, the same result may happen in other localities. Why, at such a time as this, when the current of opinion is everywhere running with the Republicans, should we permit ourselves to do the bidding of petty bosses and recognize the pretensions of greedy self-seekers, burning with the lust of office, in preference to the just claims of really meritorious men? If there ever was a contest in which Republicans could afford to ignore all cliques and bosses, and treat with contempt the clamors of the low-down order of politicians, who have only their audacity to recommend them, it is this upon which we are entering. Let us have none but first-class nominations, and so make possible a Legislature worthy of the intelligence of the State, and capable of dealing in a statesmanlike way with the important questions which will next winter present themselves at Albany.

Literary Success.



It is said that the most experienced actors and managers are never able with certainty to tell whether a play will succeed or not until it has been tried on the public. This is even more true of publishers of the books of unknown authors. The expert readers and critics may praise a manuscript novel to the skies, and yet the public may not, when the book is in print, find anything in it that is either interesting or entertaining. Then, again, these same experts may condemn a manuscript utterly, but when it is printed the public may find in the book just what for the moment the public wants. This great uncertainty as to the success of a book adds a zest both to publishing and to authorship. We have had many notable instances in the literary world of the truth of both of these statements. The most recent, perhaps, are the cases of Stanley Weyman and Conan Doyle, both of whom are now on the top of the wave. Dr. Doyle waited for years before he could find a publisher bold enough to

bring out one of his books, and this was so notwithstanding the fact that he has the story-teller's gift in a very high degree, his tales moving on with great spirit from incident to incident, and the reader being always kept in a pleasurable suspense. Now publishers vie with one another for the privilege of bringing out his new novels, and the comparatively old ones are always appearing in new editions. Mr. Weyman's first book, "Francis Cludde," came almost still-born from the press. It did not sell; very few read it. Then came two others, "The House of the Wolf" and "A Gentleman of France," and both of these were read eagerly, the public recognizing in Mr. Weyman a novelist of force, power, and pleasant youthful vigor. He could not write novels fast enough for the demand, so the public learned of his first production and took up "Francis Cludde," finding in it the very same things that pleased in the later books. Now the first novel can scarcely be printed fast enough to supply it to those who call for it. How did this first book happen to be neglected when it appeared, and why were the merits of the next ventures promptly recognized? We candidly confess that we do not know.

The taste of the public in amusements and in art is inscrutable, and probably always will be so. In looking over the history of literature we are always amazed to see how great has often been the success of very small men, how small the success of very great men. But such conditions are only temporary. Time is a great adjuster, and though one generation may neglect the good and unduly praise the bad, the next generation in its turn will make things right. Some of the little men of literature to-day, puffed up by unaccountable success, will in the course of a few years see their bubble reputations pricked and the air let out, while others—mere plodders they seem in comparison—will grow in favor and take their rank among those we count as classics.

If a man have the real stuff in him, and if he be willing to work with sincerity though recognition come not to him at once, literature is a most attractive field. It is not attractive if wealth be considered the most desirable thing in the world; it is not so if quick and cheap fame be the object nearest the heart; but it is so if a man be wise enough to see the real relations of things and has learned that wealth does not bring happiness, and that notoriety is not always lasting fame. Literary workers more than other men, perhaps, know what disappointment and hope deferred mean, but at the same time success means more to them than in any of the better-recognized professions, for with the novelist, at least, when he has achieved a little success, even his past failures are not only forgiven, but transformed into profitable triumphs. He who leads a literary life is buoyed up in moments of depression by recalling these truths, and therefore when he casts the sordidness out of his soul his lot ought not to be unhappy. Even though through a whole life he writes for an unheeding world he is apt to die in the faith that a wiser generation will know and value him at his real worth. Therefore, hit or miss, the literary man ought to find life enjoyable, but we sigh for those who, having quickly achieved a merely temporary triumph, are on the eve of realizing that their success was a mere chance, and the result of a fad of a fickle public. And of these the woods are full.

The Constitutional Amendments.



WHILE the Constitutional Convention has not in every respect realized public expectation, it has certainly reached, as to some matters before it, important and satisfactory results. Its action has been embarrassed in some directions by the factious course of an obstructive minority, intent on perpetuating in the fundamental law antiquated and obnoxious principles and methods, but happily this opposition has not been able to defeat the demand for reform as to the more vital and important subjects under consideration. Among the amendments finally adopted the following are first in importance:

- Relating to the judiciary.
- Providing that no bill shall be passed by the Legislature until it has been printed and on the files of the members for three legislative days.
- Providing that the speaker of the Assembly shall succeed the president *pro tempore* of the Senate in the order of succession to the Governorship.
- Providing that in case the Lieutenant-Governor is absent, or refuses to act, the president *pro tempore* of the Senate shall act in his place.
- Providing that the right of action now exercising to recover damages for injuries resulting in death shall never be abrogated; and the amount receivable shall not be subject to any statutory limitation. (The limitation is now five thousand dollars.)
- Providing that no person shall be deemed to have gained or lost a residence by reason of being an inmate of a charitable institution.
- Authorizing the Legislature to provide for other methods of voting than by ballot.
- Prohibiting "riders" to appropriation bills.
- Requiring that an elector shall have been a citizen for ninety days before he can vote.
- Prohibiting prison labor in competition with free labor.
- Providing for non-partisan election boards except at town meetings or village elections.
- Providing for the separation of National and State elections from municipal and local elections, in all cities having over fifty thousand population.

Among these amendments, that which relates to the naturalization of aliens is especially commendable. Under the present system the naturalization-mills are kept busy

up to the very eve of election, grinding out citizens without the slightest regard to law or the fitness of the applicants, and there is no doubt at all that the effect of these slovenly and fraudulent methods of procedure has been, in many important elections, to defeat the honest expression of the electorate. Mr. Blaine was unquestionably defeated for the Presidency by the votes of aliens turned into citizens by Tammany judges in the very last hours of the struggle. The amendment proposed by the convention may not altogether cure this evil, but it will certainly greatly modify it.

The integrity of legislation will unquestionably be promoted by the requirement that no bill shall be put on its final passage until it has been for three days in possession of the members in printed form. It has been a favorite practice with the backers of doubtful measures—jobs and steals of every sort—to hold them back until the closing hours of the session, and then rush them through, in the confusion and hurry, without affording an opportunity for their intelligent consideration. This, with the adoption of the proposed amendment, will hereafter be impossible, and if vicious legislation is enacted it will be done deliberately and in full appreciation of its consequences.

The judiciary amendments, over which there was a protracted contest, propose a radical reconstruction of the judicial system of the State in harmony with the lessons of experience and the spirit of progress. The Supreme Court is to consist of the justices now in office and of twelve additional justices, to be chosen by the electors of the existing judicial districts. There are to be four departments, one of which is to consist of the county of New York. There shall be an appellate division of the Supreme Court consisting of seven judges in the New York department, and of five justices in each of the other departments—the Governor to designate the judges for each appellate division. Circuit courts and courts of Oyer and Terminer are abolished from and after the last day of December, 1895. The jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals shall be limited to the review of questions of law. The article embodies also important provisions in reference to county-court jurisdiction.

The reapportionment amendment, as to which the convention divided nearly upon partisan lines, provides for an increase of eighteen in the number of State Senators, making the whole Senate to consist of fifty, and increases the representation in the Assembly from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and fifty. The effect of the amendment will be to secure a more equitable distribution of representation by depriving the larger cities of the undue proportion of members which they enjoy under the present system. In other words, it will make it possible that the legislation of the State shall represent the wishes and conserve the interests of all the people, instead of embodying and promoting those exclusively of disreputable partisan oligarchies in New York and Brooklyn.

WHAT'S GOING ON

THERE is one amendment proposed by the Constitutional Convention which is certain of adoption by the people. It is that which prohibits the sale or lease of the forest lands of the State. Public opinion in this State is practically unanimous in demanding that the forest preserve, as now fixed, shall be forever kept as wild forest-lands, and the State commissioners ought to understand that further persistence in the policy under which a large part of the Adirondack forest has been disposed of to individuals and corporations will expose them to the severest censure. Recent statements by the State Controller seem to show that the commissioners have permitted timber to be taken from State lands under circumstances justifying grave suspicions, and if these statements should turn out to be true, proceedings should at once be instituted against the offenders, with a view of bringing them to deserved punishment.

THE Democratic conservatives of South Carolina who, up to a recent period, ruled the State with a rod of iron, ostracizing everybody not belonging to the aristocratic class, are at last beginning to realize the consequences of their proscriptive and rancorous policy. The element in the party so long and violently proscribed is now on top, and is avenging itself with pitiless vigor and audacity. Of course the old-time oligarchs resent, bitterly, the new order of affairs. They are prepared to resort to any extreme to extricate themselves from the clutch of their tormentors. Recently, Senator Butler and Governor Tillman made a joint canvass of the State as candidates for the Senatorial succession, each pleading his own cause before the people. The party primaries subsequently held resulted overwhelmingly in favor of Tillman. Senator Butler thereupon declared that he would not submit to the decision, and now his friends are preparing to emphasize his determination by setting up an independent ticket. Their call for a reorganization of the party is based upon the claim that "the Democratic masses have been grossly betrayed by men charged with the party management." This, as every intelligent observer knows, is the merest

nonsense, the fact being that it is precisely the masses who have refused to be any longer controlled by the managers, and propose hereafter to govern the State without the help of the discredited bosses. It is too soon to make any accurate prediction as to the outcome of this break-up of the South Carolina Democracy, but it can hardly be otherwise than that it will result, finally, in the triumph of toleration and generally progressive ideas.

IT is a point gained for personal decency and public morality that Colonel Breckinridge has been beaten in his struggle for a renomination in the Seventh Congressional District of Kentucky. There has never been a more shameful exhibition of indifference to considerations of moral cleanliness, a more audacious appeal to the worst elements in human nature, than that afforded by the canvass of this lecherous creature, aspiring to a "vindication" against a verdict of his peers which pronounced him guilty of the most infamous of crimes. His indorsement by the people of his district, in the primaries recently held, would not only have brought infinite disgrace upon a constituency which has been historically eminent in our politics, but it would have been in a larger sense a national humiliation, exposing us to the jeers and contempt of right-minded men everywhere. Happily that calamity has been escaped, and Breckinridge goes into deserved eclipse, paying the just penalty of his crimes against law and the moral sense of society.

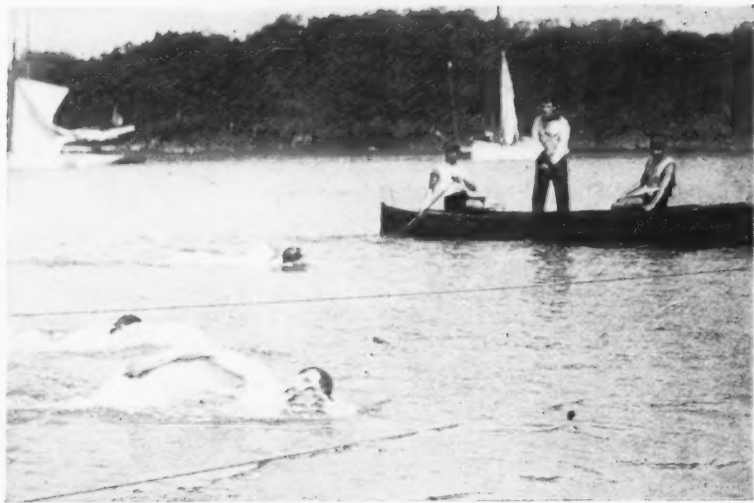
THE Turkish government has perpetrated another characteristic outrage in the arrest and imprisonment of a number of professors in the American schools at Aintab and Marosh. It is only a year or so ago that similar arrests were made at another point on the pretext that the professors were in sympathy with the Armenian revolutionists. In that case the charges were proved to be unfounded; and the probabilities are that there is no actual justification for the present action of the authorities. The real inspiration of these repeated outrages is to be found in the spirit of fanatical intolerance which pervades all classes of the Turkish population; and until this spirit is subdued by the disintegration of the empire, or arrested by such forcible protests from without as will compel the government to abandon its proscriptive policy, no educational or missionary enterprise will be absolutely secure against attack. Meanwhile it is gratifying to learn that Secretary Gresham has taken prompt action in the cases just brought to his attention, and that every effort will be made to secure a fair trial to the professors under arrest.

THE newspapers announce that some seventy-five government clerks went all the way from Washington to Kentucky to assist Colonel Breckinridge in his fight for a renomination in the Seventh Congressional District. Could anything be more humiliating as illustrating the moral degeneracy of the civil service than this fact? Here was a shameless debauchee, a man confessedly rotten to the core, who had flaunted his sin in the face of the world as something to be proud of, struggling for a new lease of life, and men who had been deemed worthy of holding official positions under the government, in the service of the country, abandon their desks and journey hundreds of miles to give their indorsement and the weight of their influence to the convicted criminal. What must the wives and sisters of these persons think of them, hurrying thus to do honor to the creature who had ostentatiously dishonored womanhood and put contempt upon all the sanctities of life? Every man, even the vilest, has a right to his opinions, but if these seventy-five clerks should happen to be dismissed as no longer deserving a place in the government service, we suspect that the country would not regard the act of their removal as either proscriptive or untimely.

PROBABLY no Congressional contest will be watched with greater and more universal interest during the coming campaign than that in Mr. Wilson's district in West Virginia. Mr. Wilson, as Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and author of the Tariff bill known by his name, has acquired national prominence, and his defeat would be a serious blow to the tariff-reform wing of the Democracy. While Mr. Wilson showed a strange infidelity to principle in his final capitulation to the sugar trust and Gorman bill, he is undoubtedly a man of sincere purpose, and honestly persuaded in his own mind that protection is what the Democratic platform declares it to be. Of course the contest will turn entirely upon national issues, and Mr. Wilson will undoubtedly suffer from the animosity of the industries which his course has injured. On the other hand, he will have the vigorous backing of the administration and all the aid that the Democratic Congressional Committee can give him. His antagonist, Mr. A. G. Dayton, is an able and popular lawyer, who has the hearty support of all elements in the Republican ranks. He will be aided also by a corps of efficient speakers from without. His election is quite within the range of possibility, but is hardly to be counted upon as a certainty.



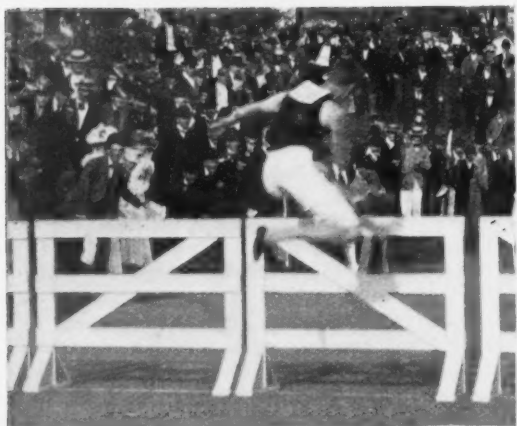
START OF A HEAT IN 100-YARDS SWIMMING RACE.



Dickey, 3d.
Carey, 2d. Kenney, 1st.
FINISH IN 100-YARDS SWIMMING RACE—KENNEY BREAKS THE WORLD'S RECORD.



OFFICIALS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF PROMINENT CLUBS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.



CHASE RUNNING 120-YARDS HURDLE RACE.



KENNEY ROWED IN AFTER WINNING 100-YARDS SWIMMING RACE.



McLaughlin, 3d. Kilpatrick, 1st. Hollander, 2d.
START IN THE HALF-MILE RACE.

THE ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION OF THE UNITED STATES AT TRAVERS ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 15TH.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 501.]
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"With his back to the light, one hand grasping the curtain, stood the 'Greek god'."

THE GREEK GOD AND THE DEVIL.

By HARRY P. MAWSON.

AMID-SUMMER-NIGHT'S dance at a large country-house had been brought to a sudden termination by the approach of a thunder-storm. The guests had skurried away at the first sight of the inky clouds, now rapidly shutting out moon and stars by their heavy veil. The house, apparently wrapped in slumber, lay like an oasis of white in all the gloom of the night. A hush of solemn stillness had settled down upon every living thing, and all nature held her breath ere the storm began. There came a sudden rush of hot wind, carrying all before it—a murmur of the fray from down to the east—and as all grew still and breathless the door leading from the house to the *porte-cochère* opened, and there stepped out on the terrace a woman of such regal mien and presence that some goddess of mythology could well be said to have come to a terrestrial life. It was not merely beauty of outline nor the perfection of coloring that attracts the eye; it

was the soul of marvelous womanhood, resplendent in power, in passion, and in dominant force. As she stood there, eager to see Nature at war with herself, expectant of the maddening strife, one could feel that this woman's soul was longing for the battle to begin. Still as the air herself, her lips apart, her eyes aflame with excitement, she was awaiting, with fretful expectancy, the first thunderous crash of the storm that, surging fiercely about her ears, would calm down by its mad violence the riot and conflict of her own thoughts. It came at last! A torrent of air, of light, a hurricane of tumult. The woman remained there drinking it in with a fierce thirst and craving, and each swirl of the yellow light seemed to lift her matchless form out of the hollow of the archway and idealize her beauty. As the first drops of rain pattered through the leaves a look of regret at this sudden interruption of her pleasure passed over her face, and she slowly made her way back to the house. She

lingered a moment in the doorway and gazed out into the storm.

"Oh, how satisfying! What faithful friends are those ruthless elements!" Just then a step on the marble floor attracted her attention, and she turned in some alarm to see who it was. "Oh, it is you, Cousin Magnus? I thought I was all alone."

The man advanced a step, cigar in hand, and then stood looking at her thoughtfully.

"Queen of the storm! Queen of every thing and place and creature you pervade," said he, with an unfriendly smile. But the storm and its mad fury possessed so powerful an attraction for all her senses that his words—his smile as well—were passed by unheeded.

"I hope you are not losing your rest on my account," said she, with a fine irony.

"No," replied he, with a shrug of his shoulders; "not altogether on your account. The storm has some attractions for

me also." There was a slight pause. "Do you know, Cousin Edith," he continued, "that it is three years ago to-night since I first asked you to marry me?"

She turned upon him with an angry stare.

"I had no intention of referring to the subject at all," continued he, calmly, ignoring the look; "but seeing you were in one of your moods, I ventured to remain to ask you a question."

"Questions are bores, the answers are often pitfalls. I would rather not be trapped."

"I merely wished to ask," said he, unruffled, "whether during this time you have found your ideal of man?"

"And have you found it for me?" said she, with an amused laugh.

"Oh, indeed no. But your ideal, if realized, would be something rare to see. My question was one of pure curiosity."

He smiled as he spoke, but it was a smile that hurt.

"The Greeks," said she with passionate eagerness, "were men of fire and rugged strength—of many virtues and stupendous vices. I should have lived then and not now. No doubt my theories of life, as it exists, are all wrong. I ought, I know, to receive the world with the same resignation that others accept their fate in it. But it is hard work to yield without now and then a rebellious moment."

"My dear Cousin Edith," said he, seating himself on a lounge in the hallway, "you see how your nineteenth-century reasoning triumphs after all. How it comes to your rescue and puts out the incendiary in your nature. Now, no doubt the Grecian era produced great heroes, but their magniloquent nobility of character, after all, is more or less legendary. I am sure they were as often bestial tyrants. The toga and sandals were the swaddling-clothes of civilization, but since man has taken to trousers and collars the result you find to be, in all well ordered society, a creature who loves with a cool and calculating energy, and makes his little pathway in life as easy for himself as possible."

"And as I know your picture so well, I despise you all. You are all after one pattern, and the model is so insignificant."

"Ha! ha! ha! I am quite sure you do. Talking about the Greeks," said Magnus, nonchalantly, "my friend, the 'Greek god,' has just taken a studio in New York. I had a letter from his secretary to-day."

"The Greek god? Who is he?"

"Lionel Comyns, a friend of my student days in Paris—a portrait painter of wonderful skill. *Le Roi Grec*, as we dubbed him out there. By the way, he wishes as his first subject in America some well-known person, a lady preferred. When you return to town in the fall, as a favor to me, will you be that person?"

"Is he really great?" asked she.

"A man of marvelous talent," answered Magnus in tones of enthusiastic admiration.

"I suppose I shall be bored to death," said Edith, wearily.

"No," replied Magnus, with a laugh; "I will guarantee you immunity from that. My friend is a deaf mute."

"No! Really?" exclaimed Edith, in surprise and delight. "On the surface that does appear rather unique. Perhaps I will; but the fall is a long way. At all events, you and your friend may hope. Good-night."

She had been ascending the stairway as she spoke, and now, by a turn in it, she disappeared.

Magnus was so lost in watching her, so beautiful she appeared to him at that moment, that he forgot to return the good-night.

"There is not another woman in the world like Edith Cameron," said he slowly, aloud. "Such juxtaposition of ideas is all the more remarkable because there seems so little excuse for it. I suppose it is simply a great nature cramped and belittled by its small surroundings. Well, when she does meet her Greek god her unrest and romanticism will do the remainder. There never has been a woman yet who did not idolize his beauty."

How gleefully he rubbed his hands. How he chuckled to himself and patted himself approvingly. Oh! the devil has a wondrous conceit, and this earthly devil prided himself on being a faithful likeness. Then he walked up and down in an ecstasy of delight, hugging his idea fondly, as it gradually unfolded itself, with a growing enthusiasm for its realization. How she should be humbled. What a pretty return for her contempt of his love. Why, it was quite *rafiné*! The very chance. He would set the ball rolling at once.

Nothing more was said, Magnus simply biding his time until the fall. When it came he called upon Edith, shortly after her return to the city, and in a casual manner reminded her

of her partial promise that summer evening to let his friend, the Greek god, paint her portrait.

The name startled her and made her somewhat suspicious, but at the same time intensely curious to meet this man whom God had so blessed and afflicted.

"Your friend has a curious nickname," said she, looking at Magnus somewhat doubtfully.

"Oh," replied he, "merely a *nom d'atelier*. We all have names out there. Now, when shall I introduce you?"

Edith thought for a moment or two.

"Say day after to-morrow. Call for me at two."

"Will you go prepared to give him a sitting?"

"It is possible. I cannot tell until the last moment what I will do. It bores me to make contracts. Impulse is my mistress. A heedless one, I know, but I never charge her with tameness. I must have excitements and surprises or my life would end in an explosion."

Magnus laughed, they shook hands, and he left her.

After he was gone Edith pondered over this meeting that was to come. A strange feeling of fear, something unknown to her before, took possession of her. Why was this man called the Greek god? Was there a man fit for this name? Or was it a student's mad, irreverent parody on his misfortunes? She would see it out.

The afternoon arrived, and for once in her erratic, undecided life she was punctual. There was the usual blaze on her face, the same haughty mien as usual, but just the faintest trace of nervousness. The ride to the studio was one of silence. Magnus did not dare say a word for fear of a misstep; he knew that in the state of excitement she was in it needed but a spark to set the entire material aflame.

When they reached the entrance to the studio Edith felt the floor turning under her feet. At that moment the devil had almost lost his game. But a woman's pride came to his rescue and the game was his. They entered, Edith expectant and breathless. The room was empty of human life. What a relief to her overstrung nerves! She sank upon a fauteuil and looked about her. The walls were covered with canvases and properties. A curtain of rich purple plush divided the room in two; she sat with her back to this, her attention in a moment riveted upon a suite of three pictures on the opposite wall.

The first, a nymph about to bathe in a pool of water, sees reflected on its surface the face of the god of love. Frightened yet allured by this unknown little boy, the nymph's expression is one of alarm at the intrusion, yet pleasure at the face, so beseeching, so roguish, and withal so artless. In the second of the suite the nymph is seated by the brink of the pool, her drapery drawn coquettishly about her form, the little god kneeling at her feet, reading from a scroll. That it is some tale of love the little miscreant is unfolding, is seen from the abashed yet wondrous look of happiness that shines from her eyes and finds expression in the half-parted lips as she listens to this love-sonnet from an absent swain with tingling senses and proud delight. The third, alas! was so human that almost all the poetry of the other two had vanished. Therein lay the nymph, face downward, by the edge of the water. Cupid and his bow-and-arrow were out of harm's way, soaring upward, unrepentant and unsatiated. A scroll clasped in one hand, the first she had received, the fragments of another scattered about on the little pond, told the oft-told tale. Every hue of her form, as it lay prone upon the ground, expressed despair, abandonment, and wild sorrow. The first picture of the suite was called Premonition; the second, Inculcation; the third, Realization.

Edith sat and pondered over these paintings. The mind that designed, the hand that executed this allegory was possessed of the art divine.

In the meantime Magnus had been on a still hunt for the Greek god, and after some difficulty succeeded in finding him hard at work giving a lesson, perfectly careless and oblivious of the fact that the queen of New York was to honor him with her presence. Magnus had prepared him carefully for the idiosyncrasy of her character and her importance in the social world, touching as lightly as possible upon her beauty. He had cautioned him to be on his guard; to be surprised at nothing Miss Cameron might do or say. The curtain was drawn aside at the far end of the room and Magnus stepped noiselessly across the floor. He stood in the centre of the studio and, coughing slightly, Edith's attention was soon attracted. She looked up in surprise; her reverie had been so intense she had forgotten her surroundings. As she looked at Magnus some undefinable sensation crept into her heart. In a second,

however, she knew that she loathed and hated this man. His smile had never seemed so evil, his manner never more false nor more shallow. Magnus waved his hand in the direction of the light, and Edith, having risen, could but imperfectly see, because of the glare in the room. With his back to the light, one hand raised and grasping the curtain, the other by his side, stood the Greek god. A man of superb proportions and outlines. A face of ideal, classical beauty, of marble coloring and purity; the mouth expressive of dignity and tenderness, the eyes full of a mellow light, illumined by courage, and of high purpose. The hair clustered, one untutored mass of bright auburn curls, about his god-like head. A silk blouse of a delicate shade of green, thrown open at the neck, revealed a throat as round, as smooth, as white as Edith's own. Edith gazed with wonder and admiration. Her face, from an expression of immobile pleasure, was now illumined by the great light of her emotion, her heart stirred to its very depths and conquered at last.

As Magnus saw this woman, for whom he had craved with all his strength, in love, his brain reeled, his reason seemed to totter, and with a wild imprecation upon his lips he fled the room, unnoticed by either.

Edith advanced to the centre of the room, and then for the first time the light revealed to the Greek god the real magnificence of this creature's splendor of face and form. He started, placed his hands in mute appeal to his lips, and then gracefully over his heart and bowed. Then he looked up smiling. That smile was so gentle, so full of homage to her, that a great cry of pleasure seemed to float through her brain. The man then seeing a possible embarrassment for both, drew hastily from the pocket of his blouse a small ivory slate. On this he hurriedly wrote the question, "Will you pose to-day, Miss Cameron," and then handed it to Edith. She hesitated before answering. Her determination once made, she tore off her glove in feverish haste and wrote:

"To-morrow afternoon at two."

She gave him back the slate with a gentle wave of her hand, then, courtesying profoundly, she turned from him without a look and slowly left the studio. The Greek god stood looking after her, dazed and astonished. Her bearing was so grand that it inspired him with awe. The artist's mind alone rejoiced at the splendor of his model.

Now with Edith! The Greek god represented her ideal of manly beauty. And her eager, impetuous temperament threw itself headlong into the strife of love, without a thought or care for consequences or details. The idea that her love might not be returned never entered her mind. Accustomed all her life to see the male half of the world at her feet, was it to be wondered at that she expected the fire of her passion would mould to any shape this willing piece of clay?

The next day she dressed herself simply in black, and taking with her as chaperon her maid, arrived punctually at the studio. The Greek god was awaiting her coming, and as she entered the room, came toward her with a warm smile of welcome, and, taking her hand in his, led her with great and manly deference to the fauteuil. Then with a slight bow he turned his back to her and made a change in his easel. Edith took this opportunity to unclasp her cloak, and just as he turned toward her, let it fall from her shoulders to the ground. Her neck, shoulders, arms and bust were bare; the half-gloom of her position in the room ivoryed every superb outline. The Greek god stared, bewildered and aghast, at this divine womanhood. He tore his slate from his pocket and wrote one word, and then, with a look of admiration that fairly blazed in his face, handed it to her.

Edith read. The word was "Venus!"

A deep flush of half pain, half pleasure, flooded neck, face and bosom a delicate pink. She turned half from him, and letting the slate fall at his feet, sank back on the fauteuil and lapsed into thought, her face resting on her hand. The position was one of sublime abandonment and grace. The artist hurriedly placed an easel near by, then on a large cardboard hastily sketched in crayon the position. He worked fast and furiously—in a mad rage of excitement and pride that so superb a subject should fall under his hand and brush.

Edith paid not the slightest heed to anything that went on about her. It was growing dark fast when she aroused herself, and with a start looking around, saw the artist hard at work perfecting his sketch. When she arose he wheeled the easel to the light, and there, standing by his side, she examined it. She made a motion as if asking for the slate; he handed it to her promptly. On it she wrote, he looking on the while:

"It is an excellent likeness, but somehow too sad. Did I really look like that?"

He smiled and bowed, and wrote underneath: "The sadness is not so much an expression of the face as of the form!"

Edith opened wide her eyes. Then she wrote: "I do not like it; it suggests pain. I will come to-morrow at the same hour. I wish you then to sketch in my portrait full length. The other details I leave to you. *Au revoir a demain!*"

She waved her hand gayly to him, and gathering her cloak about her, from her maid, in a second was gone.

All the emotions of her first visit were accentuated and deepened by the second one. The man seemed more gentle, more noble, more beautiful, than even first sight and acquaintance suggested. When a woman like Edith Cameron loves—there are few such, shall we be thankful?—it is with a daring and recklessness that makes their condition miserably blind. She could see that he was overwhelmed and exhilarated by her beauty, but she failed to observe that he did not covet it as all the other men she had ever known had done. To him women were merely objects in art. The devil knew this well. Thus, every delicate thrust with Cupid's darts made by her, this adept at every degree of fascination, was met by him with a gravity of demeanor, a deference of look and language, that maddened and goaded on the willful and lovelorn woman. Her pride had never met with such a shock. The fashionable world of two continents had been at her feet, hungry for a look, for a word of encouragement. This man was like ice. In the end she ascribed all this to his modesty, to his lack of confidence in his position; then sometimes to his infirmity. In fact, he must be in love with her because she was in love with him. This about describes the final reasoning she had with herself.

In such a way these two people, playing each with fire, had gone on for nearly two months, seeing one another nearly every day. At last the artist, having caught every expression and every outline of face and form, needed no more sittings. But Edith could not live without seeing this man; as a pretext she determined to have still another portrait painted, of a different style. The Greek god was on the horns of a dilemma; twixt duty to himself and duty to his art. He felt the senseless passion this creature had vowed to him to be dangerous to himself and to the art he loved. And yet it was such intoxicating art work to watch every throb and emotion of this grand woman! But the Greek god was formed on no scale of weakness or self-indulgence. To him right was might, indeed! The day in question had been idled away, the artist doing little work, the model sitting near by, lazily looking on at the portrait and now and then making a suggestion as to some shading or outline on the canvas. Taking his slate from his hands she wrote, after considering a little:

"When shall I come to sit for my other portrait?"

The artist, on reading it, laid the slate down and looked at her in astonishment, then hastily scrawled: "What other portrait?"

Edith smiled, and wrote on the other side of the slate: "I have determined to have another and a smaller portrait painted. I would like to get through with it before the season advances."

The Greek god read gravely, then rose and bowed slightly. He walked to the window and seemed to be debating something within himself. Then he wrote, covering both sides of the slate:

"Miss Cameron:—You can hardly imagine what genuine pleasure to me it has been to paint your portrait. You are the most divinely beautiful woman I have ever met. All the days of my life I shall remember with pride and exultation the honor conferred upon my art by your splendor of presence. I love my art. I cannot risk loving beyond it. When a man is strong enough to resist temptation let him meet it boldly; when he feels himself weakening, as I do now, he must fly from it in terror. Two years ago, a student in Paris, I fell in love and married."

As Edith came to the last words, and the whole horrible truth burst in upon her mind, she gave a great cry of fright. God had spared him the pain of hearing it. He, out of all pity and concern for this wounded, quivering creature, stepped toward her, a world of regret and pain on his beautiful face. But she, to whom but a moment before this man had been an object of passionate but pure idolatry, shrank from him in horror. In this supreme moment her unsullied womanhood came to her rescue and lifted up the wounded and crushed heart. This woman's love had betrayed her, as

it has and always will many others. But the very force of mind that made her love so lacking in tact, so wanting in reserve, conquered in a moment her weakness, and left her mistress of herself. She handed him back the slate. On it was written, "Thank you."

Then she bowed with wonderful grace and dignity, and calmly, but trembling in every fibre of her frame, she walked across the room. The nymph in "Realization" had never seemed to her so forsaken, so full of sorrow, as now. The pictures had not made themselves so full of force and truth as at that moment. She pushed open the door and walked out into the hall.

The Greek god and she never met again. In that great crisis Edith Cameron had lived a second life. It was not only love dead, but pride shattered to fragments. In the passage-way she met her cousin Magnus Boardman, the devil we know of. One look at her face told him all. Edith at the sight of him stopped short. Every nerve, every sense was on fire. Not a sound passed her lips. Such hatred, such contempt, such loathing! He seemed to shrivel up under that maddened, outraged woman's passion-laden look. He slunk away, as all real devils will, as if the Cross and holy water had been flung in his face. This woman's fierce horror of him was that devil's fright. All devils are cowards. And so it was with this earthly devil. He fled, terror-stricken and belittled, out of that poor, tricked and deluded woman's pure world forever. Was the devil, think you, pleased with his handiwork?

THE AMATEUR ATHLETE

NEW FOOT-BALL RULES.

THE new foot-ball rules under which the college games will be played this fall are already meeting with unfavorable comment, and the indications are that one year will be enough to convince everybody that the changes have not improved the style of play or made the risks of injury any less. Much of this criticism may be caused by the radical departures made in some points, and the fact that the players are not yet used to the new requirements, but at any rate the opposition seems to be almost unanimous.

The Princeton and Harvard players are most decided in their disapproval, and Captain Trenchard can see so little good in the new rules that he has expressed his belief that they were made simply to help Yale and weaken the teams which the New Haven eleven will have to play this fall. There can be little doubt that the decrease in playing time will be of material assistance to Yale in the Princeton game, but there seems to be little reason for saying that Mr. Camp pulled the wool over the eyes of the other experts who made up the foot-ball congress last winter and drew up the new regulations. Even if he did do this the Princeton men have nothing to complain of. Not a single change was made without the approval of every member of the committee, and if the Princeton and Harvard representatives were willing to assent to the changes, the captains of the elevens should not find fault. Pennsylvania would undoubtedly have voted with Harvard on any question, and the vote of the Princeton representative would have been enough to defeat any scheme which Mr. Camp might have had in mind. Mr. Moffatt and Dr. Brooks have not made complaint. They do not feel that they were deceived by the crafty Yale representative. The young undergraduates, who are always accusing their opponents of something wrong, should be content with what their representatives did, and stop their talk about Yale diplomacy.

A new arrangement of the college foot-ball games should be made this year. Harvard and Princeton will not meet unless the Cambridge coaches change their minds before October 27th, the only open date which would be satisfactory to both elevens. The sentiment of the graduates of both colleges is almost unanimous in favor of a game, but the Harvard coaches say this year, as they have said since 1890, that the Cambridge eleven cannot stand the strain of a hard game before the all-important one at Springfield. Such reasoning is false, as the experience of the last few years has abundantly shown. With a sufficient space of time between important games, the more there are of them the better for the teams taking part. Yale would never have beaten Harvard last November but for the exciting game against Pennsylvania in New York. That contest gave the Yale coaches a chance to see where the eleven was weak, and to make the necessary changes. A Princeton-Harvard game early in November would do the same thing for these two elevens,

and everybody who knows foot-ball must admit this fact. Then, the only thing which keeps Harvard from meeting Princeton is the fear of defeat, and that is hardly creditable. At any rate, even if beaten by Princeton, Harvard would be no worse off than now.

If this game could be arranged, Princeton, Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania should have a meeting and fix the contests between these four elevens so that there would be plenty of time between each two games, and that the season might work up a fitting climax, with the last game of the year between the strongest two elevens.

ATHLETIC REFORMS.

It is to be regretted that the faculty of Yale University has not forbidden any athlete of the institution to take part in more than one form of sport during any college year. The announcement was made that such a regulation had been passed, but the latest news is that the rule is not final. If the step had been taken it would have placed Yale on much better ground than that now occupied by the American colleges. However much we may enjoy seeing a college foot-ball game or boat-race, we must, on sober reflection, admit that college athletics are getting to be more like work than play, that they are becoming an end instead of a means, and that they take up altogether too much time. Anything which will bring intercollegiate contests back to the position they ought to occupy will meet with general approval, and a rule which allows a man to participate in only one form of athletics would be a start in the right direction.

In his last annual report, President Eliot, of Harvard College, recommended the adoption at Harvard of some such regulation, but the athletic boards of the Cambridge university have not yet expressed a willingness to follow his suggestion. Yale, as the leading American college, so far as athletics is concerned, could do no better thing for itself and for sport than to adopt the rule.

In another branch of athletic reform Princeton has taken the lead. The base-ball men of that college were not allowed during the past summer to play on any of the so-called amateur nines, of which there are so many in this country. The other colleges should make the same restriction. However difficult it may be to prove the fact, no one doubts that many of the leading college base-ball players of recent years have received money for playing in the summer. The practice has been extremely discreditable to college sport and to pure athletics generally, and the sooner it is done away with the better it will be for all parties concerned.

John M. Merrill.

Annual Athletic Games.

THE seventh annual championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, at Travers Island, on the 15th instant, was marked by the breaking of two records. A. T. Kenney, of the N. S. A., Philadelphia, who already held the American record straight-away in still water, swam one hundred yards in one minute, nine and three-fifths seconds, thus beating the best English record of one minute



TOMMY LEE, 100-YARDS AND 220-YARDS CHAMPION.

and twelve seconds. Stephen Chase, of the New York Athletic Club, defeated F. C. Puffer, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, in the one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race, his time

being fifteen and three-fifths seconds. The American record hitherto had been held by W. D. Henry at fifteen and three-quarters seconds. "Tom" Lee, of the New York Athletics, won in both the 100-yards run and in the 220-yards run, his time in the former being ten and one-fifth seconds, and in the latter twenty-two seconds. The games were successful and interesting throughout, and were witnessed by a crowd of amateurs.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE COREAN WAR.

THE accounts as to the progress of the war between China and Japan are so contradictory that it is difficult to form any intelligent conclusion in reference to the actual situation. Reports from Chinese sources state that a strong Japanese column, on its way from Fusan to Seoul, was attacked by the Koreans and completely routed; and this is not improbable, the sentiment in Corea apparently being strongly in favor of China. On the other hand, it is said that a treaty of alliance has been signed by Japan and Corea, which binds the Korean government to carry on warlike operations against China, both offensive and defensive. A Japanese war-ship is reported to have been lost after an engagement with a Chinese cruiser. Shanghai advices report that the Chinese forces in the northern part of Corea are hemmed in by the Japanese, and, being without supplies, are obliged to kill their cavalry horses for food. It is also said that the Japanese are maintaining such a strict blockade of the Korean coast that not even the smallest vessel can get through. Hundreds of Chinese soldiers are reported to have died of want and exposure, and much sickness is said to exist in their ranks. The latest dispatches report severe fighting in the peninsula on the west coast of Corea, jutting into the Yellow Sea, just south of the Bay of Corea. The Chinese troops, crossing the Korean frontier where it joins Chinese territory, have marched south and occupied various positions in this peninsula. The Japanese troops, going north from Chemulpo and Seoul, partly by land but mostly by sea, have entered the same district. On the 6th instant a severe battle was fought between these hostile forces, thirty-five miles from Phong-Yang, resulting in a victory for the Japanese. Nine days later Phong-Yang itself was taken after a fierce engagement, in which the Chinese are said to have lost sixteen thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. An immense amount of provisions, arms, ammunition, and other stores, in addition to hundreds of flags, was captured in the Chinese camps and intrenchments. Among the captured Chinese are several of the most important commanding officers in the Chinese troops in Corea. All accounts agree that Li Hung Chang, the Chinese premier, is in disfavor, and that he is in serious danger of losing his position. Two censors have been set over him, one of whom is his personal enemy. We give elsewhere a number of illustrations bearing upon the present conflict. One of them illustrates the aversion of the Chinese sailor to discipline. English officers who have been connected with the Chinese navy have found the utmost difficulty in enforcing routine regulations. One of them, who found that officers and men would quit their ships without leave whenever they pleased, ordered all the delinquents to be placed under arrest when they returned. This was too much for the easy-going Chinamen. That night every man jumped overboard and went home, utterly disgusted with a service which put such constraint on individual liberty.

BERLIN FIREMEN AT WORK.

One of our illustrations depicts the methods of rescue practiced by the Berlin fire brigade. German firemen are efficient and well drilled, but they are not supplied with some appliances which with us are deemed of the greatest value. The fire-escape, for instance, is not in universal use, and the firemen are compelled to rely upon the old-fashioned method of saving the lives of the inmates of a burning house—that of holding a sheet for them to leap into. The method answers very well when the leap is from a moderate elevation, but when the endangered person is obliged to jump fifty or sixty feet the risks are by no means small.

THE COMTE DE PARIS.

The death of the Comte de Paris occasioned no sensation whatever in France. He had ceased to be formidable in his pretensions to the throne; even to the royalists his name stood for nothing tangible or attainable. The count, however, never abandoned the hope that he would secure what he believed to be his

own, and in his political testament, dated in July last, designed for the guidance of his son, this fact stands out clearly. The count will be remembered gratefully in this country for his service to the Union cause in the Civil War.

The Maple-sugar Season.

THE maple-sugar season in the sections where maple-trees grow and flourish comes to an end the latter part of April, when the buds begin to swell on the trees. This year, from all reports, the run of sap was not up to the average. The spring of 1893 was an unusually good sap season. The crop last year was estimated at 45,000,000 pounds of maple sugar and 2,000,000 gallons of maple syrup.

In the maple-sugar industry Vermont, according to her territory, takes the lead, the sale of one year's product being equal to three dollars for every man, woman, and child in the State. Vermont maple sugar has become a "household word," and most of the maple sugar in market is sold under that name. As a matter of fact, to-day the bulk of the maple sugar and syrup is made outside of Vermont—notably in Delaware, Cortland, and Cattaraugus counties in New York State, in the northern tier of counties of Pennsylvania, and more than all in the counties of the western reserve of Ohio. If the inquiry should be made, it would probably be found that the phenomenal majority given the Republicans in the recent Vermont election was due in part to the hostile action of the Democracy to the American sugar interest.

The maple-sugar season in the country is not without its social side, which is more or less unknown to dwellers in large cities. How many people, unless they have lived in the country, know about "maple-sugar socials"? Very few; and yet a sugar social is an important event in the maple belt. The young people look forward to it from year to year. When the sap is running up the tree the farmer who owns a "sugar bush" invites his neighbors to come and try the new sap. His wife makes preparations to entertain the guests by baking big batches of pies, crullers, and cookies. Early in the evening the neighbors begin to arrive, some in wagons and some on foot. Weather-beaten old farmers and their worn wives come for a pleasant time.

Later on in the evening dishes and saucers holding maple syrup are passed around, and then the first or second "run" is tasted critically, and the neighbors pass an unbiased opinion as to its quality. A maple-sugar "pull" is the delight of the boys and girls. Ah, what fun they have making candy! When the sap is not quite sweet it becomes ropy and stringy like tar, and that is just the thing for a pull. After a while the young people turn their attention to games, as "post-office" and "forfeits." Who does not remember them? If the host and hostess have no objections there is dancing, and dancing to such good, old-fashioned tunes as "Money Musk," and "Down the Middle." The various church organizations in the county have hit upon maple-sugar socials as one means of raising money. The syrup is sold at five and ten cents a plate, and the receipts go toward repairing the organ, or toward repainting the parsonage. L. J. VANCE.

New England Lobstermen.

A GOOD deal of attention has been directed this season to the lobster fisheries on the New England coast, on account of a marked decline in the catch as compared with other seasons.

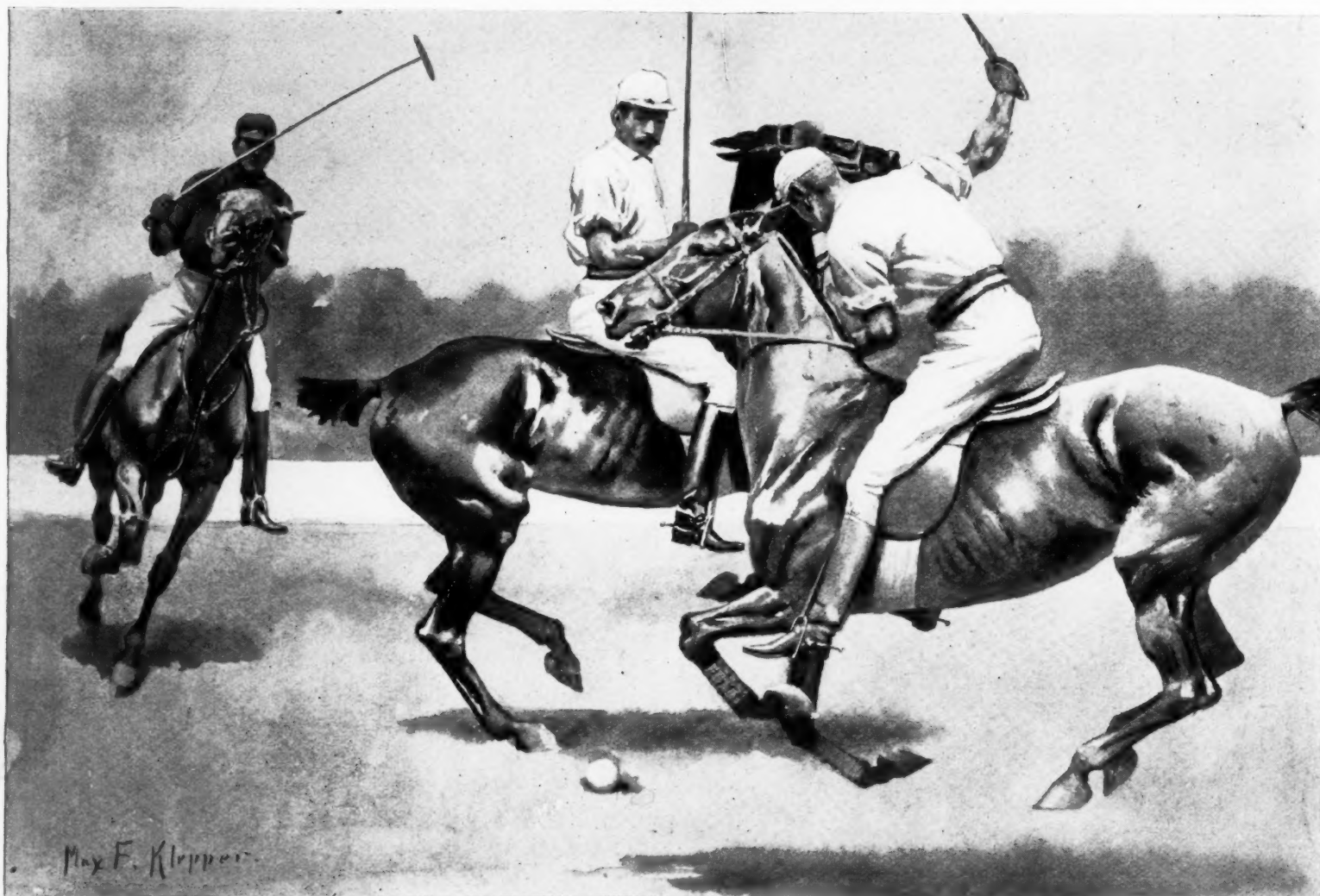
Cape Cod is an important source of supply for the New York market. Here, during the season, this business imparts a decided character to those parts of the coast where it is carried on. A familiar sight is the dory piled bow and stern with lobster pots, the fishermen standing up to row. After a storm the pots have to be brought in to be cleared of sea-weed and otherwise repaired; then it is that especial activity is noticed, the beach being covered with pots that are placed on end as they are put into good condition, the attached buoys of many designs and colors showing to whom they belong.

The fishermen on the Massachusetts coast have to keep a daily record of the number of lobsters caught and thrown back on account of deficient size, or because they are egg-bearers. The law forbids the taking of lobsters under ten and one-half inches, or any to which eggs are attached. Each fisherman is provided with a gauge.

There is a government hatching-station on the south side of the cape at Wood's Holl that it is hoped will re-stock such places as have been depleted.



A GOOD DRIVE.



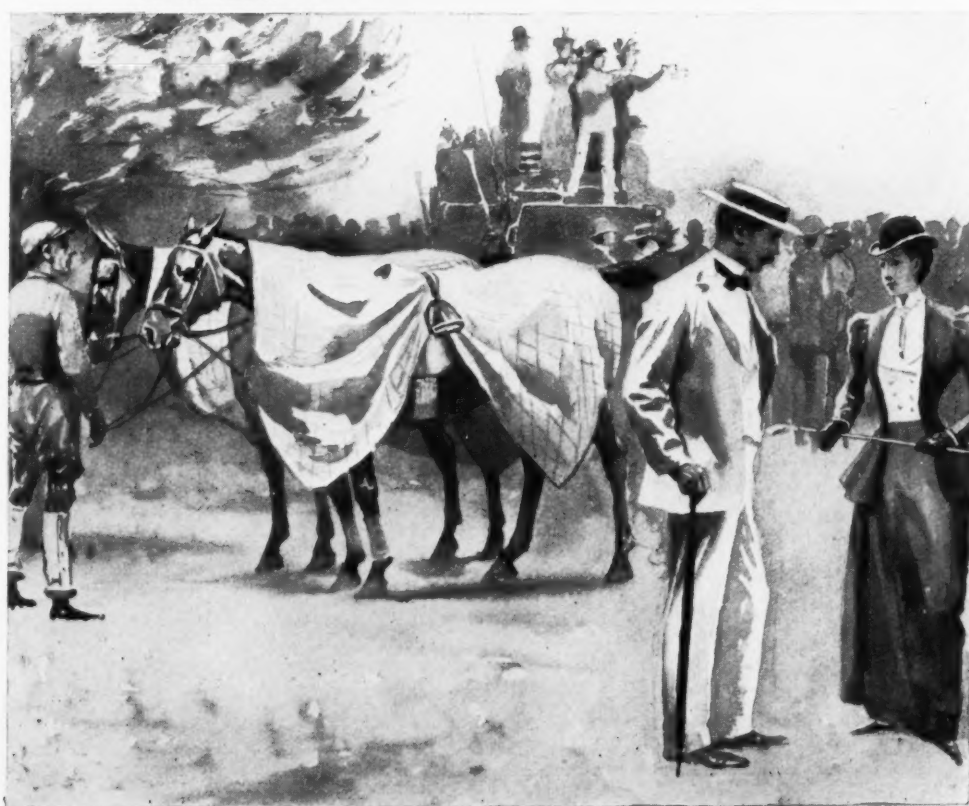
A GOOD THING.



MISSED.

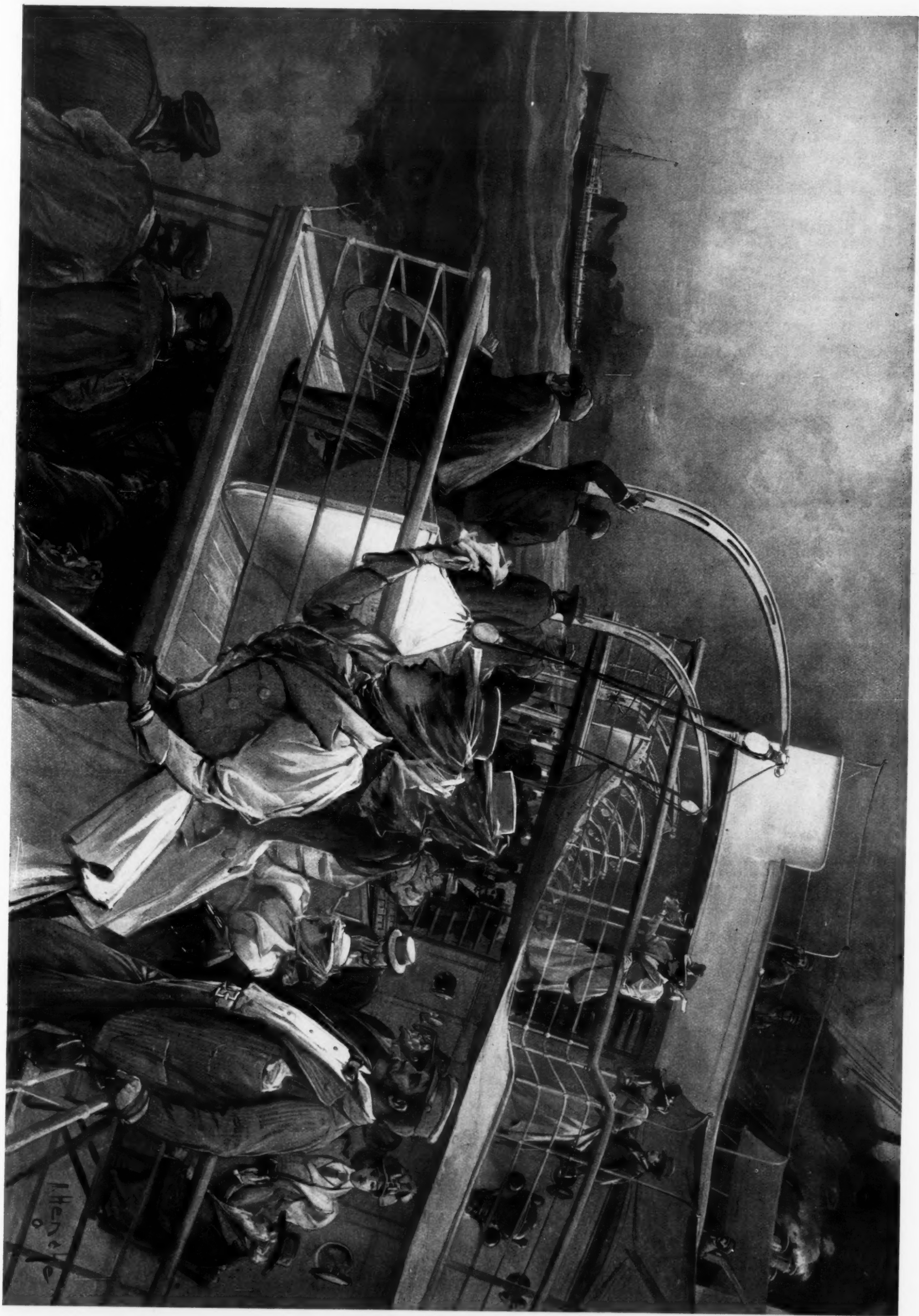


A BROKEN MALLET.



RESERVE PONIES.

ON THE POLO-FIELD AT NEWPORT.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK H. CHILDS.—[SEE PAGE 205.]
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THE RUSH FROM EUROPE—SALUTING A RECORD-BREAKER.

DRAWN BY A. HENCKE FROM A SKETCH TAKEN FROM THE DECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "LA TOURNAINE."—[SEE PAGE 204.]
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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

THE question is becoming more and more pressing with the ever-increasing competition in all branches of the professions and in commercial pursuits. How to train the rising generation to fit them for the battle of life is a problem which parents find year by year more difficult of solution.

A representative of the *ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY* recently asked several bankers, merchants, brokers, railroad and bank presidents to give their views on the subject, and all evinced a keen interest in the question.

The following replies, from men who have made their mark in their respective callings, will serve to throw some light upon the subject:

GENERAL HORACE PORTER, SOLDIER AND RAILROAD MAGNATE.

General Porter thinks that parents are confronted with the important question at a tender age, long before the boy "creeps whining unwillingly to school."

The general is a staunch believer in home influences. "The home influence," said the president of the Pullman Palace Car Company, "leaves the impression of a lifetime. A boy will be miserly or generous, mentally vigorous or timid, according to his home surroundings. It is very well to say, find out a boy's natural bent and train him to it. The theory is good, but it is by no means practical. Nearly every boy has, at one period of his life, declared he would be a soldier. Then he fancies a life on the ocean wave; and he finally decides to wed his ideal woman. She, by the way, is, usually, fifteen years his senior. They have all these complaints, just as they have measles and croup."

"My advice to parents is to give a boy a good sound education, extending it even to the higher branches in mathematics. For what may not prove of direct use in a business career still serves to broaden the mind and to train the intellect to grasp questions of magnitude."

"The great trouble in this country is the large number of young men who graduate high in their class, who have taken honors, and who are without trade, profession, or line of business. They are increasing year by year, and large employers of labor are astounded at the number of educated, accomplished young men who apply for positions. They come here seeking occupation as conductors, ticket-sellers—anything where brain power is quite unnecessary."

"The point I wish to emphasize is the great necessity that our boys be taught some profession or trade."

"When you have equipped him with a means by which he can earn a livelihood the rest depends upon the boy himself."

"It is easy to go with the crowd on a densely-packed thoroughfare. The moment you wish to go faster, to get ahead, you must elbow your way through, and you must be prepared to step into the roadway and otherwise inconvenience yourself. It will depend upon the young man whether he simply goes with the crowd or pushes himself to the front."

"Success is not so often achieved by the brilliant genius as it is by the steady plodder who has the persistency to reach his goal."

"We hear of professions and trades being overcrowded, while the colleges continue to turn out graduates by the thousands."

"I never take a trip through the far West but I fall to wondering: 'Where are the people to settle these vast solitudes?' As there is room out West for millions of people, so there must also be room in the trades for more skilled hands or the supply would cease."

GEORGE RUTLEDGE GIBSON, STOCKBROKER AND POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

"I will answer your question, Yankee fashion, by asking another: 'What do you understand by "success"?' Is it the mere accumulation of money for the money's sake, or is it the power to earn money to gratify the taste for books, pictures, refined home surroundings, social enjoyments; in fact, all that goes to make up happiness to one of education and good breeding?' The world is divided into two classes: those who desire to make money, and those who 'choose business for the sake of leisure.'"

"The former give their sons instruction, while the latter insist upon education."

"Now, to that class of the community which regards the acquisition of wealth as the most important object in life I would say: 'out your son's nose to the grindstone when he is old enough to leave school. He will commence by sweeping out the office, and at an age when

others are leaving college he will be manager of the business. He will be happy in his sphere, and later on, when, at a sacrifice of all domestic happiness, wealth is his, he will seek recreation without the power to enjoy it."

"Andrew Carnegie once said to me: 'Keep all your eggs in one basket. Then watch the basket.' I do not agree with him. In my opinion no education can be too liberal."

"Concentration upon one subject is as pernicious as the belief that a boy should be educated in accordance with his surroundings."

"Technical instruction should be judiciously blended with a sound education in the other branches. To succeed, one must excel. Scientific education is imperative, for science not alone quickens the faculty of observation, the power of rapid generalization, but it must in the future diminish poverty and suffering by the development of fruitful discoveries that shall extend human happiness."

"Was it not Lord Bacon who said that our studies should not be as a workshop for gain, but as a rich treasury for the ennoblement of life?"

"Do not educate your boy out of pride."

"Too many parents are guided purely by sentiment in the selection of a profession for their sons. Twenty years ago this species of snobbery was practically unknown among us."

"I will add that tastes are, to a certain extent, inherent, but that it is poor policy to force the son to follow in his father's footsteps merely because the latter has built up a successful business."

R. T. WILSON, BANKER.

"I have been discussing the question, 'What shall we do with our boys?' for some time past. Major Edwards, my secretary, has sons, and we have reviewed the matter in its various aspects. The conclusion we have arrived at is that a boy should receive a good sound commercial education. Meanwhile the traits in his character should be developed. Perchance he takes to making toys for himself. His bent is mechanical. Again, he may display a taste for engineering or natural history. Whatever the particular talent may be, encourage it and seek to bring it out."

"Every boy should take up some useful profession, even if you decide to start him in business. It may prove of service to him in later life in connection with other enterprises."

"The professions I would recommend are: Engineering, particularly that branch of the profession which relates to electrical construction; surveying, and sanitary plumbing."

HENRY W. CANNON, PRESIDENT CHASE NATIONAL BANK.

"What shall we do with our boys?"

"First.—Teach them to live simply and to have as few artificial wants as possible."

"Second.—Teach them to be honest, industrious, and economical."

"Third.—Teach them to do whatsoever they undertake carefully and well—no matter how trivial the duty may be."

"Fourth.—Teach them to concentrate their minds upon the particular subject under consideration."

"Fifth.—Teach them to be cleanly and healthy."

"You see that I am in favor of home training to teach the young idea to shoot."

"It is by instilling into a youth's mind the above principles that you lay the foundations of his future success. Boys who have learned these fundamental lessons, and who understand that they must rely upon their own exertions, will be more apt to make suitable selection of life vocation, and to follow it with success, than those who have not been obliged to rely upon their own resources. Boys who are thus trained may be depended upon to push their way to the front, no matter how overcrowded the various trades and professions may appear."

"No matter what sums are expended upon college education, they will be uselessly thrown away unless the boy has received the proper training in his earliest days. Let him be inculcated with a proper understanding of the meaning of the words independence and manliness."

"It is by encouraging him to assert both at every opportunity that he will assert them later on in the battle of life."

"Let him have that sort of training, with a good sound schooling, and he will, in after life, by dint of sheer perseverance and self-possession, force himself to the front rank in any line of business he may select."

"A college education does not in and of itself fit a young man for the duties of life; in

fact, we find many instances wherein young men have been totally unfitted for the duties of life, owing to the tastes and expensive habits acquired during college days. Indulgent parents are prone to provide them too freely with means, and thus render them independent of their own exertions. Therefore teach your boys honesty, industry, and perseverance, and give them to understand that they must rely upon themselves, and they will succeed, notwithstanding the pressure of competition in all lines of endeavor."

Shooting-Fish.

Oh, yes, there are fish that fly in the air, and fish that dig in the mud, and fish that travel for miles over the dry ground, and fish that climb trees. We had all of them within a few miles of our home in India, in one direction or another; but more curious than any of these were fish that we used often to see in a large pool not far from the house, out shooting their breakfast or supper."

I had never heard of shooting-fish before, but I have learned since then that they are quite common in many parts of the tropics."

All that one had to do was to hide in a quiet place on the bank early in the morning or just before sunset, and they were sure to come. They follow the shore, where leaves and branches overhang the water, for in hot countries the flies and other insects are often found resting on the lower side of the leaves, where it is cooler and where they make a fine target for the shooting-fish."

The fish swims along the surface till he discovers a fly not more than five or six feet away over the water. Then he draws back a little, makes his mouth into a curious tube, like a little blow-gun, and darts out a drop of water so swiftly and so straight that he hits his mark nine times out of ten. He lies perfectly still with his eyes fixed on the fly. The drop of water hits him, knocks him from the leaf, and spatters over his wings so that for a moment he cannot use them, and he falls toward the water. If it is some distance the fish knows that he may recover and escape before he reaches the pool, so he makes a jump and catches the fly in the air; but if he thinks it safe to wait he will lie still till the fly strikes the water. If he should happen to miss in his first shot he will swim about to another position and try it again."

To see what would happen I once fastened a live fly to the bottom of a leaf about four feet above the water. Very soon a fishy hunter came along and tried a shot at him. I never knew before that a fish had any expression, but there was surely a look of profound astonishment about that fish when the fly failed to fall. He was so sure he had hit him that he did not go to a new position, but fired again from the same spot. Then he swam a few feet away and came back and tried again. Then he grew excited and sent drop after drop in a perfect volley. Then, in utter disgust, he gave the water a good slash with his tail and swam away."

When I looked at the fly the poor little fellow was completely covered with water and actually drowned. HENRY W. FRENCH.

The Small-pox Troubles in Milwaukee.

THE conditions which led up to a temporary reign of mob rule in a section of the city of Milwaukee in which small-pox prevails, form a curious study. The people were not fighting against the spread of the disease in their midst, but were resisting every effort of the health officers to stamp out the disease. Health officers were clubbed and stoned, even the city police were routed at times, and finally the health commissioner had to appeal to the State board of health for aid."

Unwise municipal legislation was the primary cause of the present unfortunate situation. A large, well-appointed hospital, intended for the isolation and treatment of cases of contagious disease, was built eleven years ago in what was then a sparsely-settled section of the "South Side." It stood in the middle of an eleven-acre tract of land, but as the district was built up the property became more valuable, and four years ago some penny-wise and pound-foolish aldermen caused eight acres to be platted and the lots sold, leaving the hospital in the centre of one block, with the surrounding blocks quite thickly populated. From time to time the people of the eleventh ward, in which the hospital is situated, have made mild efforts to have the institution removed, but it was not until last spring, when the treatment of small-pox patients was undertaken there, that strenuous objections to its presence were made. Later, some cases of the disease appeared in the ward,

and the people claimed that the infection came from the hospital. Then, when some of the patients died the residents charged that the hospital was mismanaged, and that patients did not receive as good care as they would if they had been permitted to remain at home. In this belief they were encouraged, and even incited to riotous resistance by some men whose official positions and standing should have prompted them to a different course."

From this time forward the health officers met with resistance. Police had to guard the ambulance on every trip, and in some cases the health officers, after fighting their way through the crowds, had to break the doors of infected houses to get the patient. The people even refused to let doctors come into their homes, and they finally took to concealing cases. Finding that the police did not hesitate to club the men, the women went to the front, armed with broomsticks, potato-mashers, pieces of stove wood, and base-ball bats. They did not hesitate to use these weapons, and the city police have suffered quite severely because they did not have the heart to club women."

The residents of the infected district are almost without exception of foreign birth. The men can speak more or less English, but as a rule the women know nothing but their native tongue. The majority of the inhabitants of the eleventh ward are Pomeranians, and the despotism they were under has instilled more or less anarchism into their minds. They are opposed in principle to vaccination, and the spread of the disease is largely due to this. They seem to be utterly ignorant of the contagious character of the disease, and unless an infected house is closely watched the neighbors come and go as before."

At no time has the disease been epidemic in Milwaukee, nor has the city as a whole been affected. Since January 1st there have been less than two hundred cases in the city, and these have been confined mainly to the one section referred to. There have been about sixty deaths, and almost half of these were persons who were permitted to remain at home or whom the authorities were unable to move because of mob violence. The city is now building barracks in another part of the city for use in case of emergency. The State board of health, at a recent meeting, thoroughly canvassed the situation and decided that the safety of the rest of the city demanded the most rigid enforcement of the isolation and quarantine laws."

FRED DOUGHERTY.

The Rush from Europe.

A TRIP across the Atlantic has become a matter of only a very few days. One can now take his Saturday breakfast in New York and dine in London a week later, worshipping, the next day, if he chooses, in Westminster Abbey, all without any physical fatigue, and under conditions altogether favorable to his enjoyment. There are those, of course, who find a greater pleasure in more leisurely journeying across the sea. Persons who are in search of rest from overwork usually select the slow-going steamers, whose voyages are free from the excitements of more speedy craft. But those who are in a hurry, and to whom time is a matter of importance, prefer the record-breaking steamships which nowadays span the sea in six and a half days or less."

The Cunarder *Lucania* holds, at this writing, both the eastern and western record between New York and Queenstown. Her last voyage to New York was made in five days, eight hours and thirty-eight minutes, while her last eastward passage between New York and Queenstown was made in precisely the same time."

Between Sandy Hook and Southampton the American liner *New York* has cut down the record to six days, seven hours, and fourteen minutes."

The homeward rush of European travel during the last month has been very heavy. Notwithstanding the hard times, the number of Americans who spent part of the summer abroad was perhaps greater than ever before. Many persons found that they could spend two or three months at some point in Europe more cheaply than they could spend the same period of time at any of our fashionable resorts. The increase in the number of persons of moderate means who have made their outing on the continent is possibly proportionately greater than the increase among the wealthier and more traveled class."

All the vessels coming into port during the last fortnight have been densely crowded with returning tourists, but the incoming tide will not entirely subside for a month or two to come."

In Fashion's Glass.

It was Douglas Jerrold, I think, who said that "next to a rhinoceros there is nothing in the world armed like a woman"; and I doubt not that there are many of his sex who would rather meet the amphibian in the forest than a woman armed with a gun.

To be sure a woman occasionally can shoot off a gun and hit what she aims for, but if she doesn't try she looks very picturesque with the gun slung across her shoulder, which is exemplified in the French hunting costume illustrated. The design is a most sensible one, and consists of a comfortable blouse waist, a skirt nearly to the ankles, trousers, and tan-leather leggings.

The material is a heavy tweed in powder blue, with bright scarlet trimming in military cloth. No petticoats are worn with this costume, and the trousers are in knickerbocker shape and reach to the knees. The skirt is faced on the lower edge with a strip of leather about four inches wide, and is trimmed with three rows of bright scarlet braid.

The yoke, cuffs, and belt are of the scarlet cloth, a large silver buckle fastening the belt in front. The soft felt hat in powder blue is decorated with three scarlet heron's plumes at the left side. The sleeves are full and wide, with long shoulder seams, allowing perfect freedom to the arms. The gathered bodice with the yoke fastens up at the left side.

An extra wrap, to accompany this costume in frosty weather, is a scarlet cloth military jacket, made to close up to the chin, with half-loose front and fitted back. Substitute a "caddy" for the gun, and one has an equally charming golfing costume.

FALL NOVELTIES.

Buttons are again to the fore. Those seen on the new jackets and rough tweed gowns are larger than a silver dollar. The handsomest are in smoked pearl, with raised figures in white pearl in a laurel spray, or a hound's head holding in its mouth a riding crop. These are fifteen dollars a dozen. An imported gown is trimmed with white pearl ball buttons, five dozen in all.

A new Paris hat is in a turban shape, made of a braid in velvet and felt combined, and trimmed with nests of birds. Large wing bows are still in order, and velvet flowers are favored. Small shapes are rather more in vogue than large hats.

Among the expensive and exclusive novelties are checked velvets, like shepherd's plaid, in black and white, and red, yellow, or blue with black. "Sunset" moire is another beautiful example of the manufacturer's art.

ELLA STARR



JOHN C. LATHAM, JR.

John C. Latham, Jr.

MR. JOHN C. LATHAM, JR., the founder, in 1869, of the great banking-house of Latham, Alexander & Co., is one of the notable financiers of the metropolis. Mr. Latham's success in the world of finance is doubtless attributable in no small measure to aptitude and talents inherited from his father, who was a leading dry-goods merchant, and for twenty years prior to his death, in 1885, had been president of the bank of Hopkinsville, Kentucky. Mr. Latham's mother was a daughter of David Glass, an officer of the War of 1812, who removed from Richmond, Virginia, to Kentucky, about ninety years ago.

In 1861, when seventeen years of age, Mr. Latham entered the Confederate army as a private in a volunteer company enlisted in his native town, and served continuously until the final surrender of the Confederate forces at Greensboro, North Carolina, in May, 1865.

Returning home at the close of the war, he successfully conducted a dry-goods establishment until 1869, when he removed to New York City, at the age of twenty-five years, and founded the firm which, through all the changes, vicissitudes, and panics that have shaken the financial centre of the country for the past quarter of a century, has steadily grown in strength and success.

The superb soldiers' monument in the cemetery at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, erected by Mr. Latham to "the unknown Confederate dead" who are buried there, attests his loyalty to his convictions, and will stand as the tribute of a true-hearted comrade and generous-spirited American soldier as long as granite shall survive the wear of time.

Mr. Latham is exceedingly domestic in his habits and tastes. He is not a club man, and does not give himself over to any of the extravagances and excesses of metropolitan life. He married Miss Mary Allen, daughter of Thomas H. Allen, of Memphis, Tennessee, who was one of the most widely-known merchants of the whole South.

Mr. Latham's business career has been no less remarkable for his activity than for its unvarying success. Filling a place peculiarly his own in Wall Street, his record for promptness, frankness, and spotless integrity is unquestioned and widespread.

J. R.

Polo at Newport.

THE recent polo season at Newport was less successful than that of some previous years, owing to the absence of several first class players who have ordinarily participated in the games. The best match of the season was that between a team called the Newports, consisting of Winthrop Rutherford, W. C. Kustis, H. P. Whitney, and John C. Cowdin, and the Myopia team, the former winning by a score of ten and one-half goals to three and one-half. The play of the Newports was superb throughout. While polo is the fashionable diversion with the *habitués* of Newport, it does not seem to enlist the interest of sportsmen in any increasing extent, and unless there shall be an awakening in that direction it must continue to rank rather as a diversion than as one of the leading national sports.

A New Cure for Asthma.

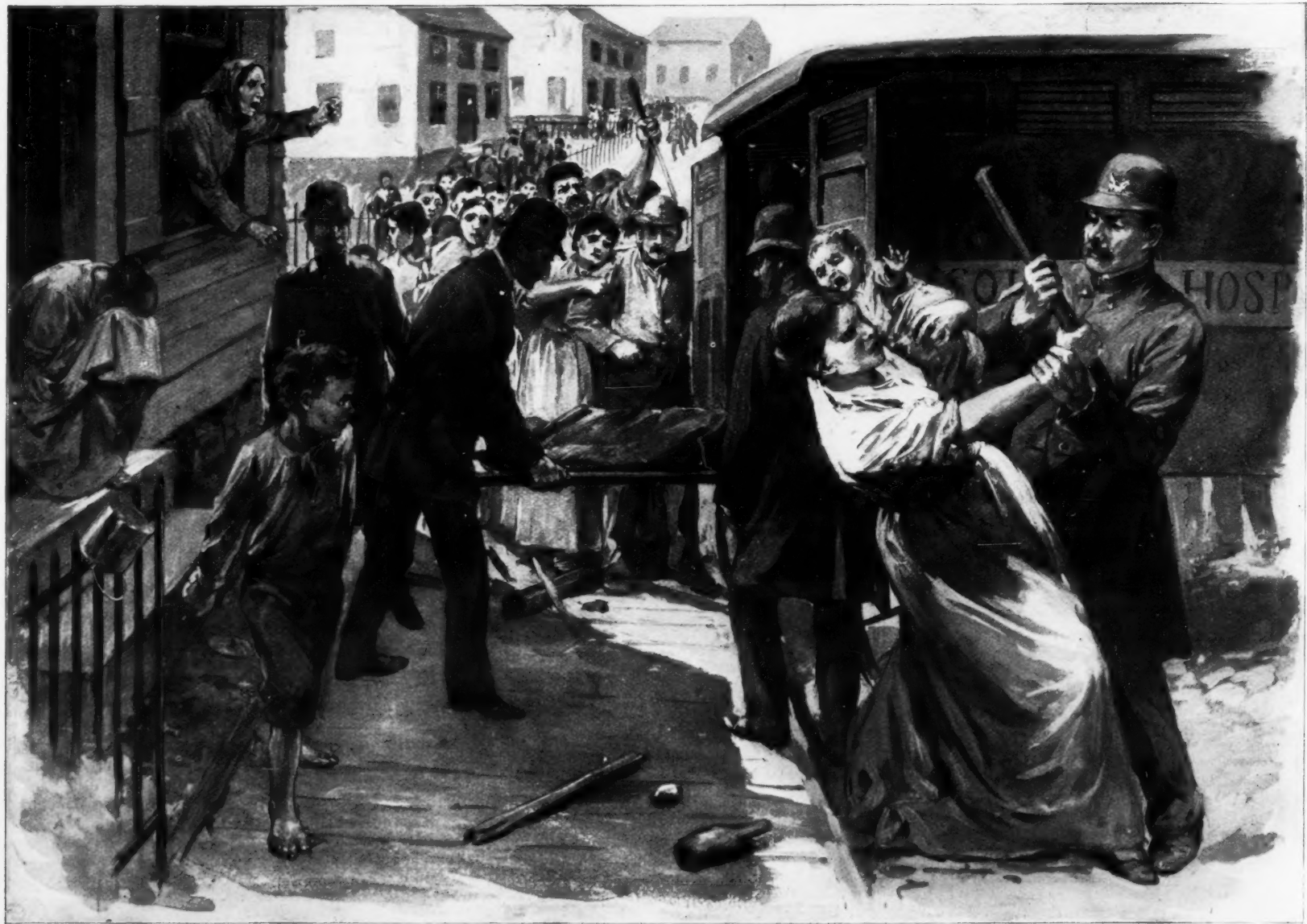
MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.



FRENCH HUNTING-COSTUME.



LOBSTER-FISHING ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST—CAPE COD LOBSTERMEN PUTTING OUT POTS.
DRAWN BY GEORGE E. ERRINGTON —[SEE PAGE 201]



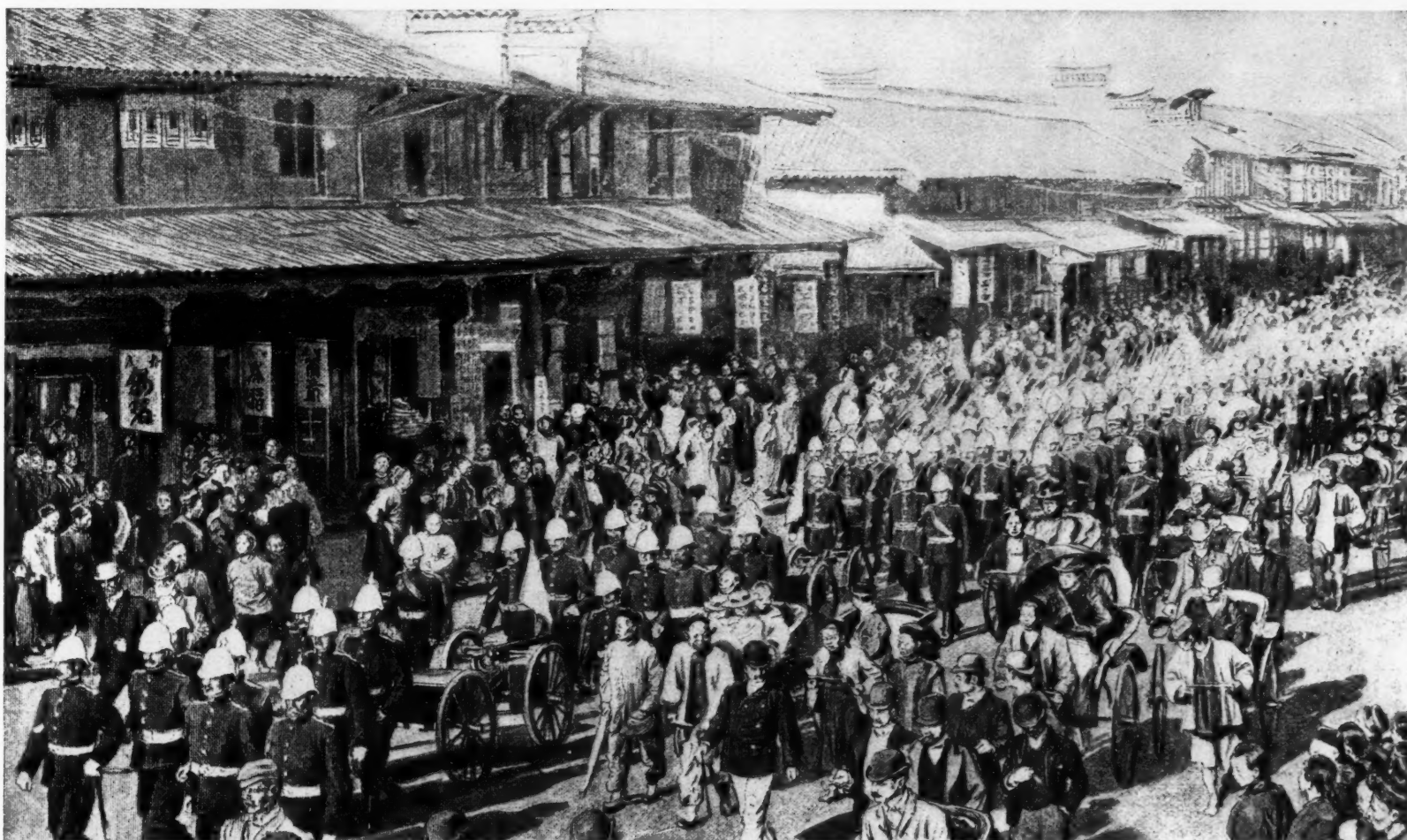
THE SMALL-POX TROUBLES IN MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN—RESIDENTS OF FOREIGN BIRTH RESIST THE TRANSFER OF PATIENTS TO THE
ISOLATION HOSPITAL —DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY FRED. DOUGHERTY —[SEE PAGE 204]
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THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.—*Paris Illustration.*



THE BERLIN FIRE BRIGADE RESCUING INMATES OF A BURNING HOUSE.—*London Graphic.*



THE WAR BETWEEN JAPAN AND CHINA—A "TURN-OUT" OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER DEFENSIVE CORPS AT SHANGHAI.—*London Graphic.*



Tchang. Liu. Prince Shui-Tau. Prince Tching. Shui. Souane.
THE CHINESE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS.—*London Black and White.*



DISCIPLINE ON A CHINESE WAR-SHIP—SAILORS DESERTING.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

MISS TOUNE says she is so glad she went to a farm this summer; otherwise she might never have known that leghorn fowls were so named from the horns growing from their ankles.—*Judge.*

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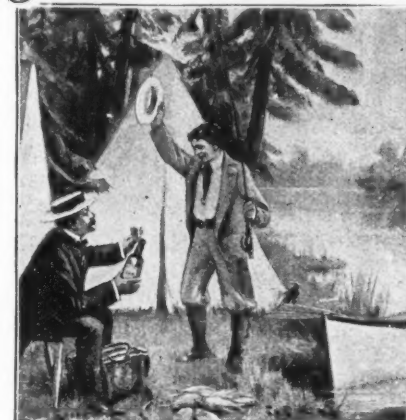
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FIND HOW TO ARRANGE THE FIGURES 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 IN AN ARITHMETICAL SUM WHICH ADDS UP THE NEAREST TO 82

Send your answers on the following blank

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The above mathematical wonder is creating a furor among students and lovers of arithmetic. Like its famous companion-piece, the "14-15 puzzle," it is so easy that every one can do it, but somehow or other, they always forget the answer. In proof of which, ten dollars is offered for the best answer received.

The object is to arrange the figures, employing them all, in any arithmetical sum which will add up the nearest to 82. No signs or methods must be employed which imply multiplication, subtraction or division. The answer must be produced by one addition. Answers should be addressed to Samuel Loyd, Puzzle Editor, care of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, New York.

Legend of a Boarding-house Pie.

[BY A VERY BAD LITTLE BOY.]

[PROLOGUE].—The walking delegates of the Boarders' Protective Alliance, having found that Article No. 703, which governs the portioning of pie, was not violated at Madame O'Flaherty's Pension Française, have declared the boycott removed. Those most interested,

however, are intensely anxious for a solution to the following problem:



"How many pieces can a pie be divided into with six straight cuts of a knife?"

This being the last week of the competition of "Our Lady's Kerchief," we will state that

some six thousand letters, not only from every city and town in the United States, but from different parts of Europe, have been received. Before examining the solutions it is well to say that several cash offers have been made by aspirants to the ownership of the handsomest pieces of lacework ever imported to America, so in case of a tie among the competitors, they may have the option of dividing the \$250 among them in cash.

Referring to the curious little "pie problem," the solution of which will follow shortly after that of the kerchief, the

accompanying solutions show how some of our puzzlers have mastered the pie question. The first shows how Miss E. P. W.—s, of Brooklyn, produces nineteen pieces. In the second Mrs. F. A. M.—e, of Elizabeth, makes twenty pieces, while little Maggie G. R.—s, aged eight years, produces twenty-one.

AS GOOD AS A "BEECH-NUT" HAM.

